Volume LXXV CHICAGO, APRIL 1, 1915 Number 5

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Easter

✠

The years drift over Calvary like rain;
Yet still the vision of the Christ is there,
As constant as the stars, and wondrous fair;
But on the war-vexed sea and gory plain
Behold again the sweet Christ-spirit slain,
Rejected as of old, and crucified,
The brutal spear of hate thrust through its side,
And underneath a dark and shameful stain.

Lo, every year of all the drift has brought
Its nature miracles with promise fraught,
Its hope of immortality, reborn;
But now we wait a widened Easter Morn:
God's sure recurrent grace in His Great Plan,
The resurrection of the Christ in man.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 67
The Gentlestate.—EDWIN D. MEAD 68
Editorial Wanderings.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 69

CONTRIBUTED—
Flowers and Faces.—M. B. P. 70
The Rise of the Working Class.—By Algernon S. Crapsey.—SUSAN M. QUACKENBUSH 71

SELECTED—
High Farming at Elmwood.—*Jacob Riggle* 76

POETRY—
Easter.—MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE 65
Just Before.—*Robert Louis Stevenson* 67
Heaven.—JAMES G. TOWNSEND 76

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. IX. Epistle to the Romans 74

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—*Edward Howard Griggs* .. 77
Lullaby.—*Florence Earl Coates* 77
Masters of Fate.—*The Beacon* 77
A Boy in Spring.—*James W. Foley* 77

THE FIELD—
Facts That Must Be Faced by Chicago's Poverty Situation 79

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.
Florists and Decorators
923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830
3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

The Boulevard Florist
Telephone, Douglas 6461
405 East 39th Street
NEAR GRAND BOULEVARD
Chicago 2 Big Stores
Our Specialty
American Beauties, European and Domestic Plants, Freshly Cut Flowers for All Occasions, Swinging Baskets, Ferns, etc.
FREE *help make Chicago beautiful* FREE
Large sample lots of flower and vegetable seeds given away to our customers daily

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones Douglas 3268 Douglas 3269 Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages 716 E. 39th ST. 1034 E. 43rd ST.

FOR Ice Cream
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1915. NUMBER 5

JUST BEFORE.

Though he that ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole, long, gusty life-time through,
Be gone a while before,
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore,
Your friend to you—

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with a right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by hedge and hill,
That self-same, arduous way—
That self-same upland, hopeful way,
That you and he, through many a doubtful day,
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend.
You fancy dead.

Push gaily on strong heart! the while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake?
And strains his eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake
Waits on a stile.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Scribner's, December, 1902.
Written in 1872.

The opponents of restrictive temperance legislation have long been loud in their claims that all such laws really increase the use of liquors. But the New York *Times* for March 2 reported that the day before the stocks of Distillers Securities fell 5½ points (the lowest since 1902). The explanation of the notable decline is found in the dispatches from Idaho and Colorado which report the legislative successes of prohibition in those states. Thus, "the pocket-nerve" shows that the liquor business is seriously hurt by restrictive laws. The fact that brewers and distillers fear the effect of such laws upon their business, both destroys the common argument of saloon sympathizers and provides welcome encouragement to temperance workers.

J. H. C.

Recently a class of undergraduates in Harvard University debated the question hotly for some time whether beer should be served at class meetings. At the end of the discussion the vote was a tie—75 to 75. Under all the circumstances the result was most encouraging. The debate itself was a hopeful sign and the vote a promise of better things as soon as this stronghold of ultra conservatism is fully informed by the facts commonly known outside those classic shadows. The time will soon come when the world will marvel that in the year 1915 students of a great university should even debate such a plain question. But we must be patient. One advocate of the abolition of beer certainly struck a false note when he argued that they better drop the use of beer so as to make Harvard more popular in the Southern states! This appeal to mere policy is not worthy argument from the lips of a college student. J. H. C.

Observations and inquiries in England during a sojourn there of six months last year led the writer to the following conclusions respecting the important matter of Drink: (1) The laws regulating the sale of liquors are being made more and more stringent as the years pass. A wholesome public opinion compels this advance in temperance legislation and officials enforce these laws more than in the past. (2) Experience shows with increasing clearness that such restrictive laws are effective and powerful aids to sobriety. (3) Among the people in the slums the gains for temperance have, as a rule, been slight. (4) The progress of abstinence among the robust middle classes, the higher ranks of the workers, has been most encouraging in recent years. (5) In social and university circles there have been gains, but they have been slight. At great dinners and festivals drinking is common, though complete intoxication is far more rare than formerly. At a notable dinner of the Fellows of Cambridge University last May, the liquors served were many and freely used. However, even in such circles many may be found who admit the foolishness of the custom, and report that they drink less than formerly. Everywhere the influence of the doctors (many, not all) against drinking is much in evidence: a hopeful sign. J. H. C.

The Hague is at this moment, and indeed has been during almost the whole time since the war began, the center of very energetic and varied international activities. The Dutch Peace Party itself is very large and active, and it is reinforced by many leading peace workers who have taken refuge in Holland from the

various warring countries, and they are constantly sending out to all peoples, documents of high interest, relating to the constructive peace measures which should follow the war. Next month there is to be held at The Hague an important convention of women, representing not only the neutral nations, but some of the warring nations, to promote efforts for an early peace; and our American Woman's Peace Party is to be well represented at this convention. Perhaps the most important committee now working at The Hague is that in behalf of "The European Federation," which it pronounces the only solution of the issues presented by the war. The pamphlets sent out by this committee, those which have come to this country being printed in English, are of great interest, urging that only in some sort of federation or concert of Europe is there a remedy for the prevailing anarchy, in which each nation acts as a law unto itself. These men propose to push their doctrine everywhere while the war lasts.

Their doctrine is in accord on this point with every one of the dozen or more constructive peace programs which have been published by different groups in the United States and Europe, but the Dutch committee is pushing by far the most systematic propaganda in Europe upon the matter. By interesting coincidence, we see at this very time the founding of a "United States of Europe Society" here in our own country. Charles H. Ingersoll, of New York, is its president, and among its sponsors are such important educational leaders as President Eliot, President Butler and President Jordan. It is holding public meetings; and its statement of principles is not unlike that of the Dutch committee.

President Butler recently published an article advocating "The United States of Europe" as a necessity for the solution of the present problems. Of course this suggestion is not new. Victor Hugo urged it eloquently sixty years ago. Sir Max Waechter, in England, has been carrying on a systematic campaign for the project for the last ten years. Alfred H. Fried, the eminent German international thinker, has been pleading for a Pan-European Bureau, corresponding somewhat to our Pan-American Bureau at Washington. But the whole idea is suddenly taking a practical significance far greater than ever before, and the simultaneous appearance of these two definite organizations for its promotion, at The Hague and in New York, are noteworthy. E. D. M.

The Gentlestate

President Thwing of Western Reserve University suggests that what the world needs is "gentlestates," corresponding to gentlemen within states themselves, and he has some pregnant things to say about what international life would be if the states should become gentlestates, as in our current life many men happily have become gentlemen. His demand reminds us of Howell's old discussion of what our common life and the relations of the various elements and classes in it would become if it could once be pervaded by the spirit which is reflected in good manners and the usages of good society. President Thwing urges that gentlestates would treat enemies as if they were to become friends, would never use giant strength like giants, not be political bullies watchful for insults and concerned by small irritations, would respect the rights of other states, make few demands, and have no occasion for defence.

At this time, when we are celebrating the centennial of peace between Great Britain and the United States, we cannot help thinking that these two nations exactly realize President Thwing's definition by their usage and attitude on the Canadian frontier. What the two nations concluded to do in the Rush-Bagot agreement of 1817 was henceforth to act like gentlemen. The long frontier was to be left as unguarded as the line between Massachusetts and Connecticut. No more suspicion or glowering at each other; no more garrisons or gunboats, or pistols in the hip-pocket. The result of the brave and prophetic policy thus adopted by the two gentlestates has been that their frontier has for a century been the safest frontier in the world; just as every gentleman walking upon Tremont Street is safe, and every brigand is always in danger, though his pockets be full of pistols, and indeed precisely on that account. The question which the present crisis is urging imperatively upon all nations is, how soon will they learn to act like gentlemen, and so be safe. President Thwing is to be thanked for his new word, and it is for statesmen pressing measures for the reconstruction of the world following the war to create the new thing to match the new word.

Carl Schurz, at the International Arbitration Conference in Washington in 1896, said something which ought always to be remembered by his fellow countrymen and by his German friends and other men on the other side of the ocean. We hear much, he said, of the necessity of elaborate fortifications. He would not discuss how far these were desirable, and he was confident that our strongest, most trustworthy and infinitely cheapest defence would consist in "Fort Justice," "Fort Good Sense," "Fort Self-Respect," "Fort Good Will," and, if international differences really do arise, "Fort Arbitration." In a word, he would have our states become gentlestates, and would have all other states become the same.

Edwin D. Mead.

Editorial Wanderings

IV.

Eleven hundred boys and girls of the Berkeley High School, radiant, smiling, buoyant, alive every inch of them, constituted the great audience on Friday morning last. It was a suitable prelude to a flying visit to the Panama Exposition. The gates of the future indeed "stand wide open" for such boys and girls, and the glimpse of the Golden Gate secured in transit from Berkeley to the Fair Grounds suggested the great future that awaits this country where there is no longer a West to go to. Whichever way they turn, it is to the East. The "Near East," with its starting point at Boston, is less enigmatical than the "Far East," where shines the star of Japan and the crescent moon of China.

The Editor of UNITY is an expert on expositions, having caught a glimpse of all of them from the Columbian to the Panama exhibit. Each one in certain respects improves on the other. Each one profiting by the success of preceding shows, and determining to outrival them, and not to make the same mistakes. We suspect that the architectural and artistic councils of this exposition appear more prominent and more effective than at any previous exposition. Evidently they have outgrown a "Woman's Building." Here the enfranchised woman takes her place where she belongs, along side of her brother, man. The great foyer in the California Building, sixty feet square, is decorated by Miss Florence Lundgren, and the "Fountain of Youth" in the Tower of Jewels was daintily shaped by the hand of Mrs. Edith Woodman Buroughs, and so the catalogue runs on. The Young Woman's Christian Association Building was designed by a woman. The "Pioneer Mother" in California has a monument everywhere in this land that began as man's land,—and that man armed with pistols and bowie knives, spurred and equipped with the heavy tools of the miner's camp,—is now emphatically woman's country fragrant with flowers touched with quiet beauty. And this garden exposition is illuminated with the soft reflected light of a million candle power.

Two things conspire with the artists to make this scene one of surpassing beauty. The climate that fills every inch with flowers and softens every line with shrubbery and trees in tropical luxuriance. It is indeed a wonderful sight! The walls are not of cold granite, but of growing green breaking ever into blossom.

The second triumph breaks out in the night, the added skill in the use of the magic electric light. No more is the eye distressed by the glare of the incandescent lamp, but hidden streams of color radiate in every direction, playing with the shades of elf land.

The grounds are large enough to hold more than one pair of feet can compass, or one mind can comprehend, but not so large as to bring despair. There are curious devices to lessen the fatigue which always tends to modify the enthusiasm of the exposition goer. The "Inside Inn," a modern hotel with up-to-date equipment and conveniences, enables the visitor to avoid the rush and pressure of "getting back to the hotel" after a hard day's sight seeing, and the queer creepy little toy trains, drawn by toy autos, quietly worm their way around, picking you up anywhere, dropping you anywhere, going so slowly that there is no danger of their running over anyone, and built so low that if you fall off you will fall only six inches, and if you fall in you are still on the grounds. Then there are little basket electricettes that you can run yourself. They go no faster than a walk, but they do the walking for you.

Perhaps the best part of the exposition is the outside; certainly it was only the outside that could receive the attention of "ye editor," who had but twenty-four hours to give to this marvelous show. But the inside is not wanting in attraction. The fine art galleries, while apparently wanting in celebrated "masterpieces," are well filled with respectable pictures by artists of note very well worth study. Among state and territorial buildings, Canada clearly carries off the popular vote. Decorated with its products of the field and garden, pictures made of grasses and seeds, showing the delicacy of touch and the diligence that rivals the artists of Japan. It perhaps alone of the exhibits is fully installed.

The Illinois Building is notable by the very full and instructive Lincolniana. This is divided into sections, such as "His Fore-Elders;" "Landed in Indiana;" "The Lincoln and Douglas Debate;" "Lincoln as a Lawyer;" "Lincoln the President," etc., etc. This exhibit of photographs, autobiographies and documents should find permanent lodgment in some fire proof building, preferably at Springfield, but somewhere that will be tenderly cared for, for the instruction and guidance of unborn generations.

It was heart breaking to notice the vacant spaces reserved but unoccupied by the great exhibitors of Europe. Germany, England, France and Russia have their spaces, but they are not here in this high festive civilization. They are too busy in wickedly cutting each others' throats. Heaven forgive them for the unwarranted vandalism, the unspeakable indignity to the future.

Chicago had its "Midway," St. Louis had its "Pike," San Francisco has its "Zone," with its noise and its tawdry illumination. But here is the wonderfully realistic reproduction and exhibition of the Panama Canal, the heart-breaking story of the last Antarctic search for the pole, the triumphant but tragic

expedition of Captain Scott into the Antarctic desolation. Here is a reproduction of the camp and scenes of the old "forty-niners," and here is the *aeroscope* that lifts you two hundred and sixty feet in the air, with its mighty steel arm.

Our visit to the grounds was made interesting and memorable by two interviews. One with the publicist and journalist, Kawakami, whose latest work on "Asia at Your Door" commends itself to the student of contemporary internationalism, and the other was with Mr. James Barr, Director of Congresses in connection with the Panama Exposition. Already over four hundred different conferences and associations have been booked to meet in and around San Francisco during the season of 1915. Science, Art, Economics, Education and State Craft are to be represented by innumerable gatherings. Religion, too, is represented in Sections. The denominations will be busy; "Schisms" will be emphasized, but alas as yet no climax of this great world's symposium is arranged for. Here as nowhere else, now as never before, is opportunity to demonstrate the "Fellowship of Nations," where each pacific power or rather the pacific elements in all the Powers of the world, ought to be invited to bear testimony to the profound things in life. What the Parliament of Religion did for Chicago, put the permanent crown on a passing show, "The Fellowship of the Nations" might do, ought to do, for San Francisco. Director Barr sees the opportunity, would be glad to lend his co-operation. Is there a body of men in San Francisco, or out of it, or rather a combination of residents and non-residents, believers in Universal Religion, who are equal to this high task? And thus minister to the pacification that waits for no armistice and needs no diplomacy.

Friday evening and Saturday were mighty exposition days, but I was back in Berkeley for Saturday night. Sunday morning another home service with my brother Hosmer by my side in the well-filled beautiful auditorium of the Berkeley Unitarian Church. Sunday night the trip across the Bay found friend Hosmer and myself at the First Unitarian Church, where now C. S. S. Dutton, upon whose shoulders fell the prophetic mantle of John Chadwick Works. A fair audience listened to the address on "Peace, not War, the School of Heroism." Then Mr. Dutton joined the pilgrims from Berkeley, gossiped about things past, present and prospective in a moonlight ride across the Bay.

And now it is Monday. There is a lecture booked for Oakland tonight, a talk to the students of the Pacific Theological School of Congregational fellowship tomorrow morning; then over the hills and far away toward Reno. But that is another story to be continued in our next.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Berkeley, March 22, 1915.

Flowers and Faces

One of my favorite occupations when riding in the street car, or when in any company unknown to me, is to study the faces and classify the individuals after my own rule, which is the close resemblance I find between human beings and flowers. Some flowers are much more beautiful than others—but lacking in fragrance. So it is with people. Some blossoms are pale and inconspicuous, but so fragrant we could find them in the dark, if we needed them. (Do not the most fragrant lives touch us in our darkest hours?) Some flowers are brilliant in hue and very decorative, in the garden: the brilliant scarlet or pink geranium, the multi-colored lantana or the poinsettia; but we do not choose any of these to send to our sick friends, or to give us pleasure from our desk or table in a quiet hour. In glancing down the aisle of a street car I see in the faces and apparel of the passengers a tea-rose of a woman, delicate and faintly fragrant, one whom you can be sure ministers to humanity's every need within her reach. Then there is the American Beauty rose woman—brilliant, heavy in fragrance, expensive; one who revels in luxury at any cost, except that of her own labor or self-denial; beautiful to look at, hard to live with. The lily of the valley and the dear fragrant little English violet are here also and how charming and refreshing they are, although almost overpowered by the many-colored but oppressive lantana. (Some human lantanæ unconsciously render their presence known and disliked, though clad in fine apparel.) But soon we discover the offensive plant and pass as far as possible from it, but hastily stoop to catch the fragrance of the other flowers that lure us, the violets, the sturdy, unobtrusive mignonette and lemon-verbena, and the charming and pervasive heliotrope. How the fragrance of a sweet life greets and attracts us. Just as we recall some lovely old-fashioned garden in which we strolled at night, and caught the fragrance from the lemon-verbena or rose-geranium which we could not see, so we recall the fragrance of some lives that have touched ours in passing in the garden when the dew was on the leaves.

M. B. P.

The editor of *Current Items of Interest* has been granted permission by Mr. Daniel Smiley, of Lake Mohonk, to conduct an experiment designed to increase the bird life at that widely known resort in the mountains of eastern New York. Bird boxes of the Berlepsch pattern are being erected about the place and elaborate measures of every modern device will be used to make it as attractive to birds as it is to human beings. The undertaking is being financed by bird lovers who make Lake Mohonk their summer home.

The Rise of the Working Class

By ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY

Century Co. $1.30

At a time when the flames of Ludlow have barely ceased to smoulder, when the poignant question of the unemployed agitates every city council, and the press is teeming with reports of the dramatic—not to say tragic—hearings of the Federal Industrial Commission, it is interesting to consider one of the books upon industrial conditions published during the last six months: "The Rise of the Working Class," by Algernon S. Crapsey.

The book is a stimulating and extremely readable study of our modern social and industrial régime, so replete with quotable sentences, vivid phrases and spirit-lifting visions of a new and more human order, that one is tempted to quote endlessly from it. It is written with a calmness, a restraint, a freedom from bitterness which must have been a difficult attainment for one who feels the wrongs of the world's workers as a poignant personal sorrow. It is characterized also by a refreshing and almost naïve acceptance of the new, and a real eagerness to see its values and to rejoice in its displacement of the old. It is indeed unusual that a writer of middle age should rejoice even in the knowledge that children no longer are subject to their parents, and should feel assured that "the loss of home and school authority has inestimable advantages" by which "humanity will be the gainer by at least ten years in every generation," since "we can never again have that home which in old times stamped the young with the family stamp."

Nowhere save in the first chapter is the method academic, and there it is unavoidable since this first chapter contains a closely packed and comprehensive survey of man's social progress from the cave time until the present. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Morgan's "Ancient Society" and De Coulanges' "Ancient City" for the data for this summary, and differs from the usually accepted order of development in that he believes the tribe to have preceded the family, and the family the state, rather than that the family was the first group and the tribe a development of it. This view would seem to coincide with that reign of the Matriarchate so firmly emphasized by Lester F. Ward, and so vividly developed by Charlotte Perkins Gilman in her "Woman and Economics" and "Man-Made World."

Dr. Crapsey traces through several chapters the effect upon the home, upon the husband, the wife, the children, of the removal of industry from the home into the factory. From her earlier condition of menial service in the home for which the wife received whatever monetary reward the husband chose to give her, she is revolting and is becoming able to earn her living outside the home. Hence the power and responsibility of the man over his household is rapidly decreasing, the children being more and more freed from his dominion by the laws of the state regarding health and education, and by their entrance into commercial life. This break-up of the family the author considers "the salient fact of modern life." As the father's power has been lessened, the mother's has been increased. For the first time in history she is free to choose her own mate, limited somewhat by the boundaries of her class. This new freedom of woman entails the necessity of their being taught the facts of sex and of maternity, and that they shall be trained in economics, and it places upon the state the burden of the care of motherhood—even of a motherhood not now sanctioned by our laws.

In two remarkable chapters, "The Out-Family Woman" and "The Revolt of the Parasites," Dr. Crapsey takes up more in detail the condition of women in the modern world. The first is a masterly and sympathetic study of two groups—those who today from lonely tenement lodging places go forth to labor in our shops and factories, unshielded by a family life about them; and those women, significantly termed among the Greeks, *free* women, who through all the ages have, outside the marriage bond, been the counsellors, the priestesses, the companions, the slaves, or the victims, of mankind. With a simplicity and power of phrasing which reminds one of Lecky's famous passage on the same subject, the life of the out-family woman is traced from the days of the primitive tribal family through the time of Greece and Rome and of the Middle Ages to the present day. Her danger to society and society's brutal cruelty to her are sympathetically set forth.

With equal sympathy the cause of the young women in the industrial field is pictured, their solitude and loneliness, their enforced celibacy due to the inadequate income of the men they might marry, the ever threatening menace of the pursuing male, the absence of all social life and of refreshing forms of recreation. One feasible solution of their difficulty is dismissed with what seems insufficient consideration, the possibility of a marriage in which both husband and wife are wage earners, in which the woman who has attained skill and ability and a good position in her chosen work or profession remains economically independent by continuing that work after marriage. The plan is proving feasible even with our present imperfectly socialized living conditions, save for the few years in which the woman is caring for young children. It seems curious that the author who so earnestly advocates a state support of motherhood and urges the need for all work to be congenial and enjoyable to the worker does not consider more seriously this plan which lifts from the shoulders of women the housework which is to many a hopeless drudgery, and makes possible that companionship of man and wife which the author so covets in place of the present celibacy of the working-girl, and which the present wage-system, he declares, renders impossible in so many instances if both are to live on the wages of the husband.

Under heading of the "Revolt of the Parasites" Dr. Crapsey expresses his opinion that the present militant movement of women in England is a valid martyrdom, a prophesy as of a new religion, an important part of the greater movement of all women toward freedom. This larger movement, starting when first the privilege of higher education was secured by women less than a century ago, and continuing through the earlier demands for "woman's rights" to the now rapidly succeeding movement for equal suffrage, is in all its manifestations a logical result of woman's earlier occupations being taken from her hands into the factory. It is also a "natural

reaction of woman against her age-long suppression. She is avenging herself and her sex of the injuries, the insolences, the degradations which the male has heaped upon her during these many centuries." The helpless parasitism of the women of the wealthy classes will be their own destruction. "No parasitic class can long endure." "Parasitism and industrial slavery are combining to overthrow the present system and to establish a new world in which men and women shall be upon the same plane, each owning himself or herself, and working with the other for mutual benefit, neither subject to the other but combining to form a partnership in which all the forces of life, male and female, freed from unnatural conventions and restraints, shall put forth their utmost energy to build a human nature acceptable to the gods, and create a world in which that human nature can live decently, joyously, lovingly. The revolt of the parasites is a good sign of the times. If they die in their efforts, they will still be the saviors of the race."

In the "Revolt of the Workers" modern industrial conditions are shown to violate the four essential qualities of real work—that it must be enjoyable and interesting, self directed, useful, and that it must not be exhausting or monotonous. "When a man ceases to control what he does and is altogether under the direction of the will of another, he ceases to be a man. He is no longer a worker, he is simply worked." This violation of the essential nature of work, and, as a final and most potent factor, the unequal distribution of the products of labor, are the chief causes of the present industrial discontent.

One remedy suggested is the establishment of co-operative industries, similar to those now so successfully operated in certain parts of Europe, of which the employed shall be the owners, and the foremen and other officers shall be elected by the workers. Another remedy is the complete enfranchisement of the worker, which "must be accomplished by the workers themselves. No mere reform enacted by the class at present in control can be more than palliative, and even these little betterments had best be left undone if they are to delay at all the revolution in the industrial system which is necessary if the workman is to be freed."

"The employing class complain that the working class does not appreciate what is done for it. The answer is that no man appreciates what is done for him until he has lost the power of doing for himself. No man desires to receive as a charity what is his right." This is the reason why the workers amid extensive systems of "welfare work" are as rebellious, if not more so, than they are in other places. "The slave can never be emancipated. He must free himself."

Passing to the more general phases of our modern life, Dr. Crapsey exposes the weakness of our present competitive system of production and distribution or exchange, its thwarting of the inventor and of the tendency toward beauty and individuality of taste, and finds the remedy in "the public control of the market, both in production and consumption, of all the business of providing food, clothing and shelter for the public," and instances as the kind of thing we may expect from such a system when the incentive of service to the people has supplanted the incentive of monetary gain, the invention of the Babcock Milk Test, which its inventor refused to patent because, since he did it as a part of his duty as a paid employe of the state of Wisconsin, he felt it belonged to the public.

Of the philosophy, the religion, the morality and the politics of the working man, we read: "His religion is the religion of the evolutionist; his God the Force in whose presence every atom of his working life is spent—with which he is working to accomplish common tasks; without which he is nothing—allied with which Power he has the strength of a Universe. . . He holds that God is worshipped in every honest thought, in every true stroke of work, in every act of social justice, and that by these the world of man is perfected. . . . In his judgment, the great error of current theology is that it has made the doctrine of Incarnation historic instead of cosmic. The saying 'God is in Christ' is to him not untrue, but insufficient. He asserts that God is in man."

The morality of the working class, as taught it by the master class, is a slave morality. The virtues of obedience, of humility, of thrift, in a slave class are of benefit only to its masters. "The thrift of the subject class adds only to the wealth of the master class. . . . The contentedness of the poor with poverty is the cause of poverty." The morality evolved by the working class itself will not include charity, for it will do away with the need for charity; nor thrift, "for community insurance against old age and sickness and unemployment will take the place of the saving instinct." Its morality will be community morality; "it will insist on temperance because the working man knows that is a public duty. . . . They will call no man master upon earth because they find the seat of mastership in their own souls. They will be ready to conform to all beneficent laws necessary to the perfection of human existence but they must understand them. They will no longer render unthinking obedience nor will they shed their brothers' blood at the command of a superior."

"The only safety for a socialized community is that it shall be democratic. . . . Discussion of public affairs day by day—the right to elect and recall public officials, the right to vote directly on all public questions, the subordination of the leader. . . . these represent fundamental thinking upon the social problem."

The philosophy of the working class is based upon history; whether it is called idealistic or materialistic depends upon one's definition of those words. All systems of philosophy are imperfect—mere attempts of man to explain as best he can the world in which he finds himself. Economic Determinism, like Darwin's law of species, or La Place's nebular theory, is but a statement of conditions as they exist. It is open to the individual mind to choose his own explanation of the causes which lie beyond these conditions.

In closing the book, the coming age is viewed as one in which the necessary stage of the dominance of private property rights will give way to the succeeding era of the preponderance of human rights, the sacrifice of the weak to the strong being no longer a necessary part of civilization. "The rise of the working class to self-consciousness is putting the existing order in peril. . . . The spirit of humanity which is abroad, making for brotherhood, is compel-

ling those who have to consider the condition of those who have not."

Three methods are defined by which the socialization of property may be brought about: Confiscation —the method used by Lincoln in freeing the slaves, which at one stroke of the pen confiscated over a billion dollars' worth of legally owned property; the method by which the French nobility and clergy lost their lands; a method, however, which should now only be made necessary by too long-delayed change in present conditions. The better methods of appropriation through taxation, through duplication as in the establishment of the parcels post system by the government, and of compensation for property taken over, as now obtains where municipalities take over the utility corporations in their borders or the state governments establish forest reserves, will more likely and preferably prevail.

"The significant fact of present-day history is the rise of the working-class from the condition of degradation under which it has throughout the civilized era been compelled to live, to the control of the social, the political and the religious life of the world. Upon the wisdom of this class the future depends. To the work of educating the future masters of the world the energies of the world are now and must be directed. . . . Society can have no place for the drone or the parasite. It will demand that every man and woman shall be in the true sense of the word a working-man and a working-woman; that each shall give to society as much as he takes from society."

SUSAN M. QUACKENBUSH.

My Library XXIII.

(Continued)

When I try to account for never having become better acquainted with this widely accepted author, it seems to me that I have always regarded him as such a finished product, so full of all manner of the good things that I delight in, that I have instinctively kept him almost sacredly for some very choice hour —an hour not many times to come in one's lifetime, perhaps. Certainly I would not bring to his fine elucidation of beauty and goodness anything that is in the least crude or blind. My lamp must be trimmed and burning as never before, it has seemed, and does seem even now, as I glance at his volumes once more, and feel myself appropriating somewhat of his romantic æstheticism, simply by so doing. Some day, I trust, Ruskin's wonderful mind and mine, so much less wonderful, shall come into closer acquaintance; else my best aspiration of lifting myself to the height sincerely promised for so long a time, will ignominiously fail, even as it deserves to fail.

I open another author at random, and, child-like, let the first words under my eye tell its quality. "There is a sort of quiet enjoyment of Nature in the classical portraits," they say. "Theocritus and Virgil evidently liked country life, and they mention different kinds of trees and shrubs, and a few flowers, with a tranquil contentment that occasionally becomes affectionate." On every page I find something as good or better. I open another volume by the same author in the same way and read, "Men choose a course of action; women choose an adviser." This proves to be only like all the rest of the book. A third volume says: "With our intellectual growth has come an irrepressible anxiety to possess the highest truth attainable by us." And so on I might go with all the rest of this author's writings, and seldom if ever be disappointed with what I found. The first volume was named "The Sylvan Year," the second was "Human Intercourse," and the third, "The Intellectual Life," all by Philip Gilbert Hamilton, an author I fear I must introduce as a stranger to this present generation, but one read and much liked by very many not more than, say, thirty years ago. Indeed, who of us would then have prophesied that Hamilton's books would so soon be lost sight of, and apparently be of so little use to those who had read them. Did I say "little use"? Ah, no one could read any one or more of them without being truly furnished with better thoughts and better feelings than before; and it seems almost inconceivable that, having once read them, he should not have been remembered gratefully and recommended earnestly to every new-comer. Ruskin naturally suggests Hamilton; but of the two the latter is pre-eminently the more useful and entertaining for the ordinary reader, I am sure. Right notions of life come from his every page, instruction in high arts, revelations of nature, fellowship of a true soul, are experienced everywhere. No one's pages so teem with things that ought to sink deeply in everyone's being. As a handman in the service of the Highest, Hamilton excels in usefulness and clarification and pleasure. Certainly his "Intellectual Life" should be read and liked by the apostles of sanity hereafter, as heretofore.

Says Mr. Leslie Stephen in his "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," "the great author must have a people behind him; utter both what he really thinks and feels and what is thought and felt most profoundly by his contemporaries." Were I to try to explain why I have found Mr. Stephen's own books, "Hours in a Library," and "Studies of a Biographer," as well as the others, always so attractive, I should have to make appropriate use of this same sentence. Always when I go to them, I seem to be taken confidentially in hand, by a comprehending, authentic authority, and led step by step, not along a straight-mannered path, but in a most systematic ramble into all of the fellowship, the neighborhood, the home, the work-shop of the author or subject discovered, that the commoner has any right to enter. For instance, how can one get nearer to Oliver Wendell Holmes' novel "Elsie Venner," than through his account of personal experience? "The book makes me read it," says Stephen, "whenever I take it up, and yet I am never satisfied. Perhaps it is that I want more rattlesnakes; I want to have the thrill which my ancestors felt when they told legends of were-wolves," etc.; after which account it is easy enough to understand his subsequent estimation of the author: "The fact is simply, I suppose, Holmes had not the essential quality of being an inspired novelist. He did not get fairly absorbed in his story and feel as though he were watching, instead of contriving the situation." Generally speaking, there is no one upon whom one can place more dependence for local color, for detail that is profitable, and for the intimacy that is not vulgar, than Leslie Stephen. From one of his "Hours" or "Studies" one always arises with the feeling that one has been in the best of com-

pany, and so rightly there that one need never apologize for anything one has either seen or heard or failed to see or hear. The boon of such a writer to one like myself is, that, when knowledge grows, self-respect does not decline. There is a cleanliness about Leslie Stephen, a clear sky lightening him, a true vision of everything that is worth looking at, a vivid way of reporting what he has sensed and considered and concluded, that I am literally compelled again and again to return to him for the clarification and furnishing that I so often and so profoundly need. My Library would be truly as incomplete without him, especially with respect to English literary history, as my own sources of proper guidance along its many and devious paths would be inadequate.

I liked Matthew Arnold's "Essays" when I first read them. They suggested a deliberation in thinking and a carefulness of expression that was corrective of the hurry more or less indulged in by almost everyone else. The topics discussed were rather new to me, at least some of them, and the force with which Arnold "put things" drove home. The reading of "Literature and Dogma" restored the Old Testament to a favor that I had before thought impossible. "St. Paul and Protestantism" and his other "Religious Essays" cleared away much that had seemed but theological rubbish and confusion; "Essays in Criticism" with "Culture and Anarchy" opened vistas of possibility not before recognized. And what a delight were the papers on Joubert, as well as other People—George Sand, Heine, Spinoza, and especially the two de Guérins, Maurice and Eugénie. The personality of the latter is made so vivid, that the whole field of the mystical life seems truly before one. "Celtic Literature" and "Homer" were opened up afresh and inspiringly, and "God and the Bible" prove to be quite a portion of "the true light," for me, at least. If some of his "Poems" seemed severe and pessimistic, none the less was the instruction of others pointed and applicable, as in "Self-Dependence," where, for instance,

> Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
> Who finds himself, loses his misery,

seemed to be good doctrine, and was to be proven equally good practice. Perhaps there never was such a series of letters written by a celebrity as those which Matthew Arnold wrote to his family. So chaste were they, so devoted, so companionable, that one could never question the author's loyalty or love; but never a word of the usual "gush," and but few of the usual "sentiment," does one anywhere find. Manly, circumspect, appropriate, trustworthy is their ring everywhere, and one reads them only to grow likewise in every such goodly direction. However, when Arnold came to America, and set himself "resolutely to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to intelligence," and in consequence arrived at a conviction that made him bold enough to say, "One of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not," I began to think him a little infallible, to say the least. And then when he presumed to say, "But I go further, and say that I do not place him (Emerson) among the great writers, the great men of letters," as a native-born Yankee-American, I began to feel that the pedestal of still another "great one" was about tottering to his irrevocable fall.

But the conclusion was rather just, after all. Emerson was indeed philosophic, had admirable insight, gave us abundant precious truths, and we all now point as never before in Arnold's affirmation respecting Emerson's temper, which he declares was the "secret of his effect." "It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper," says Arnold, "wherewith these (insight and truth) are indissolubly joined"; "in which they work, and have their being"; and in this, we all discovered the real truth about Emerson more and more as we re-read him. Hear Emerson himself, as he says, "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?" So, after all, Matthew Arnold did not really fail to contribute his mite to the acclaim which we would accord Emerson, while none the less helping us to see why we should remain always as before most unreserved lovers of him.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

IX.
Epistle to the Romans

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. xii:21.

The Book of Romans is the battleground of the theologian, the favorite scripture of the doctrinaire. Augustine, Calvin, orthodox theologians everywhere find their favorite hunting ground in this book. Though we may not understand or agree with it everywhere, still it is full of red blood and charming interest.

In our last lesson Paul was in Philippi, somewhat cheered, having met Timothy with good news, and while among those friends who thoroughly understood him, he wrote that cheerful letter found in the first nine chapters in the so-called second letter to the Corinthians.

While resting two or three months with his old friends at Corinth, Paul dreams big dreams. A most unconquerable missionary, he literally had put Christianity on the map of Asia and was putting it on the map of Macedonia and Greece. He had dreams of going to Spain, the end of the world. Rome, as the capital of the then known world, was only a way station to him. His second dream was less inspiring. Trouble was fomenting in Jerusalem between the Judaic-Christians and the Greeko-Christians, between those who still wanted to keep up the Jewish interest and those who were on the outside and did not want to enter through the Jewish door. Paul was the arch

heretic, not to the Jews but to the Judaized Christians. He was the man who tore down the Jewish barbed wire fence, let the Jews out and let the world in.

The churches in Asia had been taking up collections to be sent to the poor in Jerusalem, the war impoverished section of Syria. Paul decided to carry this charity fund to Jerusalem and from there go to Rome. So we have in the Epistle to the Romans a letter written to people Paul had never seen, an advance letter, which naturally assumed the shape of what we would call a tract. There were two clear motives in the writing of this. One was the missionary's natural desire to pave his way, and the other to anticipate the issue sure to come between the Jewish Christians and the Gentiles, and save the latter from being discouraged by the Judaizers.

It is an intellectual and theological exercise to understand the first eleven chapters of Romans, written to prepare the way for a sojourn in a strange city where there would be a constituency waiting for him, one part of which was rooted in Greek mythology and philosophy, and the other in Hebrew traditions. These chapters setting forth Paul's theology are more nearly Calvinistic than Unitarian. He first shows that Greek theology had proved inadequate to the needs of the people,—was too formal and superficial. This part of his message was specific, clear and incisive and very acceptable to the Jews. But he goes on to prove that Judaism was as inadequate as Greek philosophy. Neither were saving the world. That which can save is the Gospel of the Christ—the new message. Here we find the words "justification," "atonement," "reconciliation," which Augustine and Calvin worked into cast iron creeds to be found in all the churches, and which start out with the idea that Paul was speaking for the Almighty. To Paul, Christ was a supernatural being, a link between earth and heaven, a bringer into the world of a new régime. Christ had made his first visit and laid the foundations, grandly ethical, and then disappears only for a while. He is to come again on the clouds as a messenger of the Eternal, to burn out a world of sin as once before in Noah's time it was drowned out. Then out of the chosen few left, the new Kingdom is to be built. Paul's masterly statement of all this will be found in these first eleven chapters.

If we accept this as "infallible scripture," "divine revelation," "the word of God" through Paul to man, in a sinful world, we are driven to another alternative at which orthodoxy has flinched. If we accept a part, we must believe the rest, and the fulfillment has not yet come. The new Kingdom has not yet been established, although a remnant of Christians still looking for the "Second Coming" are represented by the Seventh Day Adventists, the Millerites and Zionites, etc., etc.

Paul wrote to a prospective constituency made up of Jews and Gentiles who had become interested in the story of the Nazarene. They had good reason to wish for a new order of things, as conditions in Rome were about as bad as could be. Greek philosophy and the Torah of the Hebrews were unequal to the exigencies of the case. Paul united in himself and his message the intellectual and the philosophical with moral potency and earnestness. As a philosopher he was profound, but he was not equal to the modernities. He would have been dreadfully startled over a Darwin or Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, Theodore Parker or Channing, or any philosopher who believed in the essential integrity of all men, that however providence is to be interpreted, it must be made large enough to hold us all.

In the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters Paul emphasizes the necessity of enriching the spiritual life by putting all this philosophy into practice. He urges the value of devotion, of morality, of brotherliness. It is all splendidly stated.

> I entreat you, then, Brothers, by the mercies of God, to offer your bodies as a living and holy sacrifice, acceptable to God, for this is your rational worship. Do not conform to the fashion of this world; but be transformed by the complete change that has come over your minds, so that you may discern what God's will is—all that is good, acceptable and perfect.

He tells the Jews that their law rightly interpreted would cover all this.

In the thirteenth chapter Paul again breaks into this new thought. "The night is almost gone; the day is near." Meaning the day of the second coming.

He pleads for those whose faith is weak. "One man's faith permits of his eating food of all kinds" —some perhaps have been raised to the Kosher diet. They want to join the new movement but do not want to break the old ties. There is an insolence of radicalism that rejoices in being free, but it is possible that some good things may be lost on the way.

We have a bit of interesting textual criticism concerning the last chapter—my favorite chapter in Romans. A list of perhaps thirty-six names of individuals who stand out as a revelation of the heart life of this tired, hard working missionary. It has been the perplexity of the commentators as to how Paul knew these people in Rome where he had never been. It necessitated the theory of a migration,—the whole church must have gone to live in Rome. But the newer explanation and the more satisfactory is that what we have here is a survival of some tracts and letters which perhaps floated around for two hundred years from hand to hand until at last the Christian movement was strong enough to preserve them. This list of names then becomes some fragment of another letter, perhaps written to the old parish friends at Ephesus and elsewhere.

If we do have a hard time with the theology of Paul, if he has led us into intricacies which we cannot follow, remember that the philosophy of two thousand years ago represents the wisdom or lack of wisdom of intellectual conditions absolutely gone. What we can understand is the irresistible power of a great love, shining through the words of this open-hearted representative of a great idea, this man with the world conquering ideal. Paul has never had his due, he has been overshadowed on the one hand by the more brilliant story of the Nazarene, who formulated the ideal, and on the other handicapped by a lot of lumbering theology which has furnished material for whole libraries of books, and dry as dust at that.

When we are big enough, wise enough and kind enough we will be able to fathom the power and see that the secret of it in the last analysis lies in the sincerity of the one who holds it and in the hunger of the human heart for something better. "Joseph Smith," the Mormon prophet, may have been a humbug, but hundreds of thousands of souls took him at his best and believed in him. The world has more

use for an enthusiastic Mormon than a cold, formal, superficial Unitarian.

(1) Where had Paul planned to journey?
(2) What were Paul's motives in writing this letter to the Romans?
(3) What is the theme of the first eleven chapters of the Epistle?
(4) What great theologians took this book as the foundation for rigid creeds?
(5) What do you consider the motive in Paul's life?

High Farming at Elmwood

For many years there lived in this neighborhood a farmer whose chief interest seemed to center in trees and flowers. His farm buildings were somewhat shabby, and his farming was somewhat careless and sometimes belated, but his old-fashioned flower garden was a bower of delight and his tree planting was always done at the right moment. He made it a practice to plant fruit trees along the fences that divided his fields, and along the roadside fences, and when his attention was called, as it frequently was, to the fact that passers-by helped themselves to most of the wayside fruit, his reply was that he had expected it. The roadside trees took up but little of his land, and he was glad to be able to provide a little fruit for those who had none.

My generous-hearted neighbor carried on his farm for many years without adding greatly to his savings, yet I doubt if there was another man in the community so generally esteemed or one who was more intelligent and entertaining. For with his love of flowers and trees went a fondness for books, and for a long time he was almost the only regular subscriber in our neighborhood to the leading magazines, while his library, though small, was selected with the insight of a scholar, and doubtless cost him much more every year than his clothing. He was a public benefactor, and as I came to know him better I came to have a better appreciation of the spirit that animated "Johnny Appleseed," that eccentric philanthropist, half tramp and half mystic, who more than a century ago traveled through the wilderness of western Pennsylvania and Ohio, planting apple-seeds wherever they were likely to grow, and thus blessing generations then unborn. I imagine that both "Johnny Appleseed" and my tree-plainting neighbor were animated by something of the spirit which moved our great tender-hearted Lincoln to say that he always plucked up a thorn and planted a rose wherever he thought a rose would grow.

My mind reverted to these things when I read in the "Farmers' Problems" in the January number of the *Farm Journal* a suggestion of the enormous amount of land wasted in fence rows, and I recalled that I was struck, when in Ohio and Illinois last year, by the enormous waste of land involved in the exceedingly wide roads that prevail in those states, some of them being as much as 100 feet in width when less than a third of that space would be ample for all purposes.

I have since been much gratified to learn that there is in Ohio a movement looking to the reclamation of this enormous waste and more than waste, since the wide roadsides are the self-propagating grounds for all sorts of noxious and troublesome weeds. It has been suggested by one writer that these roadsides be planted to apple trees, the yield from the fruit to be used for the improvement and maintenance of the highways. I do not recall the exact figures it was presumed could be raised in the state by this means in twenty years, but my recollection is that the estimate exceeded half a billion dollars. While it seems to me that there is a sort of "Mulberry Sellers" optimism about these figures, I like the idea, and hope it will be carried out, thereby affording, like the poet's vine, fruit in season "and in the summer, shade."

The roads in our section of the country are not unduly wide and therefore do not lend themselves to official tree planting, but I have often thought that farm owners might well improve their properties by planting nut and fruit trees along the fence rows abutting on the road, without loss or disadvantage to themselves, and for the comfort of the public in summer, or at least that part of it that goes afoot. There are few things more grateful on a blistering summer day than a shaded highway. I have a row of chestnut trees along one roadside and a row of Kieffer pears along another, and while the blight threatens the chestnuts, I have already had several crops of nuts and an abundance of pears, and while the public may have helped itself I cannot see that my crops are sensibly diminished. And anyhow, who would want Kieffer pears in the autumn?

I am afraid that few of us ever consider the landless, those unfortunates who cannot hope to possess for their very own a bit of soil wherein to plant things. It vexes us sorely when we see trespassers crossing our fields or lurking about our orchards, and yet there is in the mind of every healthy boy an instinct to gather fruit and nuts, and this instinct is just as strong in the ownerless as in those whose fathers possess the land.

To provide for this, Harriet long ago set apart certain trees and dedicated them to the landless children of the neighborhood, subject to certain rules and regulations that are seldom infringed. Sometimes I am disposed to be a little impatient with this arrangement when some obstreperous little "shaver" breaks out of bounds, but Harriet at such times says: "Jacob, don't forget that you were once a boy, and possibly none too good."

"He who tenderly saves a tree,
All in a night of God-sent dream,
He shall list to a hermit-thrush
Deep in the forest, by mountain stream,
With friendly branches that lean and shade,
All in a woodland that he has made.
Oh, the peace of the trees!"

Farm Journal. *Jacob Riggle.*

HEAVEN.

To work with useful labor long
As happy birds pour forth their song,
To guard from all debasing strife
The sacred lives of child and wife,
And in this toil of brain or hand
As I pass on to higher land,
To wake to thought some minds too slow
Or plant a flower where weeds did grow.

To breathe the fragrance of the grass
Thrown by the light winds as they pass,
To see at dusk the rose gleams on the golden bars,
And watch the lighting of the candles of the stars,
And enter free of fear or care
Those worlds of truth spread everywhere.

—James G. Townsend.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—There must be a whole human being at work to get permanently good results in any field of action.

MON.—In every vocation the meaning of the work is less in the thing done than in the growth of the man through the doing.

TUES.—Art is a way of life for the artist, for his world and for the afterworld.

WED.—The one supreme fine art is the art of living.

THURS.—It is work done cheerfully and loyally, to a high purpose through a succession of days that builds into the human spirit the noblest elements of culture.

FRI.—To see true one must be true.

SAT.—Knowledge is a root from which the flower of wisdom may or may not blossom; but only when the root is planted in the soil of sincerity may the flower bloom.

—Edward Howard Griggs.

LULLABY.

Day is stealing down the west,
Tender, drowsy sounds are heard,
Closer now each downy bird
Creeps 'neath mother-wings to rest;
In the fading sky afar,
Kindled by some angel hand
Twinkling comes a tiny star—
Baby's guide to Sleepy Land.
Cooler, darker grows the air,
Eerie shadows haunt the room,
In the garden, through the gloom,
'Wildering bats and owlets fare;
But the lambs and birdies seem
Happy now at home to keep,
And a darling little dream
Smiles at baby in his sleep.

—Florence Earle Coates.

Masters of Fate

The things to learn are many,
But truer there is none
Than that the day is incomplete
Without my work well done.

What if I am not mighty?
What if I cannot run?
God's great blue day is incomplete
Without my work well done.

—William C. Gannett.

The above poem by Mr. Gannett will mean more to us when we know its origin. It is just possible that some sturdy boy or girl, reading the line, "What if I cannot run," may say, or think, "But I *can* run." I am sure every one of us will read the lines with hushed hearts, when we know that they were written for, and are used by, the little people in a Home for Crippled Children in the State of New York.

In England there is a society of hopeless cripples, young and old, which is called "The Guild of Poor Things." The name was chosen, one is sure, from a beautiful story by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, named "The Story of a Short Life." The boy Leonard, about whom the author writes, had been hurt in a runaway accident. He could go about only in a wheeled chair. One day he was wheeled into the music room in his home to see the work of the piano tuner. A piece of metal the tuner was using was mislaid, and he was feeling around for it. "There it is," said Leonard, "right before you on the carpet. Can't you see it?" "I cannot see at all, little master," answered the tuner; "I am blind. Will you get it for me?" Then Leonard explained that he could not leave his chair, for he was lame. The boy was surprised to hear that the blind man earned his living by tuning pianos. How brave it was of him, he thought, to do his work in spite of his loss of sight! The helpless child found out that a great many people who have been partly disabled learn to do various kinds of useful work. He admired, as we all do, the sturdy courage and strength which enabled these brave souls to do their work in spite of great obstacles. So he made a book in which he might write the story of every such hindered, crippled life which yet was able to give to God's great blue day his work well done. Leonard's father, who was an artist, decorated a cover for the book, and wanted to name it "Masters of Fate," from a line of Tennyson's: "Man is man, and master of his fate."

"That is father's name for it," said Leonard, "but I call it my 'Book of Poor Things.'"

Yet are they poor who conquer the ills of life? Strong and straight of soul are they, made so in part, as you and I may be, by a great thought, like that of the "Poor Things" poem which some of the crippled children in our land share with us today.

From the Beacon.

A BOY IN SPRING.

We've got so many things to do—the summer's near at hand,
And there are many things the teacher cannot understand;
We've got to organize the nine—the best nine of them all.
But if arithmetic is hard, how can we practice ball?
We take our books home every night—and when we ought to play
For practice in the field out there, we have to work away
To get our lessons done—so if we lose the summer game,
The teacher may not know, but she's the one who'll be to blame.

It's not so bad in winter time, but when the spring is near,
With schoolroom windows open wide, and you look out and hear
The songs of birds, and many sounds that boys all love so well,
It seems as if you could not bear to cipher, parse or spell.
And when you know your nine all need to practice every day,
How can you study as you should and think of every play
You ought to practice up to win the series when it ends,
And be a credit to your school and honor to your friends?

But teacher never has played ball; she never understands
That you must practice with the bat to carry out your plans;
And if you worry over sums that she gives you to do,
You cannot really practice well till studying is through,
And then its apt to be too dark—so noontime and recess
Are all the times you have to play; she doesn't know, I guess,
Or else she'd make the lesson short, and give you easy sums
That you could do in half an hour, when baseball practice comes.

—James W. Foley.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FACTS THAT MUST BE FACED BY CHICAGO'S POVERTY SITUATION

A SERIOUS EMERGENCY.

"The next five or six weeks cover the critical period. If anything is to be done to really help the people who are going without food and fire, it must be done at once."—*Closing paragraph in Henry M. Hyde's article on "Unemployment" in the Tribune, Tuesday, February* 16, 1915.

"Since the policy of public works recommended by the Industrial Commission cannot in the nature of things be inaugurated at once, the burden of caring for the indigent must continue to fall on those agencies, both public and private, that have been so severely taxed this winter. Such organizations as the United Charities need generous support from the public to enable them to meet the deplorable situation."—*Excerpt from Editorial in Daily News,* February 12, 1915.

Statement by the Board of Directors of the United Charities of Chicago:

We know that the United Charities cannot face this "deplorable situation," as it has been rightly called, unaided. The organization represents you, the general public, in its work of prevention and amelioration. Without you and your help it is helpless.

Our comparatively small force of able workers, aided by over 1,000 volunteers, has borne a larger burden of caring for the poor of Chicago during the past year, than most of the public or private agencies, and it can be said that none who have come to us for help and really needed it, have gone away without it. Some mistakes have been made, but considering the mass of work accomplished, they are but few. Our workers are but human—they are overworked,—with the strain of meeting and helping wisely and constructively nearly 1,000 families a day that come to us for help in the past few months.

Here are ten salient facts. We must face them together—you and the United Charities:

1. The Industrial Commission has decided that to raise a large fund to employ men on emergency public work is undesirable.

2. Other work in regular industries has not opened up to any extent.

3. Families having savings have used them up and are joining the thousands of those already dependent, in their appeals for help.

4. Others who have had credit from grocers and butchers are being refused further time and these also are coming to us.

5. Landlords are carrying heavy burdens in unpaid rents—many are breaking financially under the strain. They end up by serving eviction notices to the families who thereupon appeal to us for help in moving or paying rent.

6. Families unable to keep up payments for homes on the installment plan are losing their homes and coming to us for food and fuel.

7. Families buying furniture on the installment plan and unable to keep up payments are having their possessions taken away from them.

8. All of these burdens have come down upon us in addition to the thousands of families who are normally on our hands for other reasons; widowhood, tuberculosis, other illnesses, accident, insanity, desertion and many other reasons.

9. We befriended 7,557 families in December, the largest monthly total in the organization's history. We expected a big drop in January but the total went down to only 7,158. Appeals for aid decreased but little in February.

10. While we are suffering from the backwash of the European War, the United Charities workers are doing the Red Cross work of peace—picking up the wounded, clothing the naked—keeping the wolves away from the doors of thousands.

Will you do less for those at home than you have done for those abroad?

Will those who unselfishly gave from comforts to provide necessities for aliens abroad fail to see and heed the misery at their own doorstep?

Will those who have not given to aliens abroad or to the poor at home give now to prevent further unnecessary suffering?

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds
3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Telephone Douglass 7014
R. FRANZ
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season
732-734 East 39th St. Chicago

Our No. 35 Rolled Edge White
AUTOMATIC LIFT

One of the very latest Drop Head designs and one that has already attained wide popularity by reason of its uniqueness, beauty and thorough reliability. A finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Telephone, Central 480
White Sewing Machine Co.
24 West Lake Street GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Will those who have already given—give once more?

BREAKING DOWN.

There can hardly be any keener suffering than that entailed by the gradual weakening and breaking down of already underfed men and women—people of our own nation, people of our own city.

The United Charities conducted no noisy campaign for funds in 1914—it will not do so in 1915. We believe that the wiser course is to appeal conservatively to the general public from time to time as money is needed. It is needed now for the months of March, April and May. Funds are not easily secured in those months, yet between now and summer this organization will have a huge load to bear, whether unemployment conditions improve or not. This is true because our experience proves that following a long period of unemployment thousands of underfed families become prey to serious illnesses and these in turn create further needs that call for charitable attention.

HERE YOU HAVE THE FACTS—SOME OF THEM.

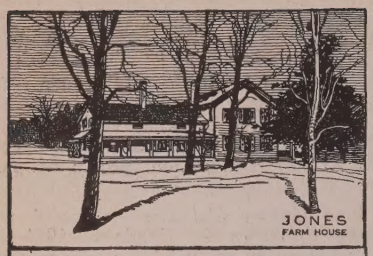
There is much more to be said—harrowing details in individual cases,—but lack of space prevents. Funds for food and fuel—funds to enable us to continue our work of peace, to help us send more experienced workers to call on the poor in their homes; to give wise counsel and emergency help are needed most urgently—at once. What would happen if the thousand families a day that come to us were turned away?

What would happen?

Send checks to David R. Forgan, Treasurer, 168 N. Michigan Avenue.

Phone Douglas 3882 Established 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
We Give National Mileage Coupons with All Cash Purchases
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue :-: Chicago

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 364 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



JONES
Dairy Farm
SAUSAGE

Hams

Bacon
and
Lard

can be had from the following south side dealers:

FRED BALLARD,
1516 East 53rd St.

BLACK BROS.,
1541 East 53rd St.

WM. BULOWA,
1332 East 47th St.

CLARK & LYON,
39th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

H. F. EGGERS,
55th St. and Dorchester Ave.

C. H. MORGAN & CO.,
319 East 47th St.

J. W. LEIGH,
1514 East 53rd St.

RUST & ANTISDALE,
1410 East 47th St.

A. J. SHAFER,
1531 East 51st St.

SIPPEL'S MARKET HOUSE,
7252 Wentworth Ave.

HERMAN STAFF,
1104 East 47th St.

U. S. CO-OPERATIVE CO.,
Kenwood Ave. and 57th St.

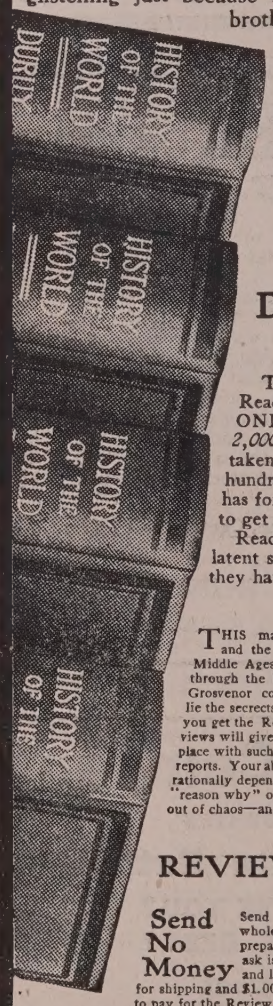
MICHAEL VOGT,
317 East 26th St.

O. T. WALL,
1308 East 63rd St. Woodlawn

WAR! What Is It All About?

HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Servia?

Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions may be sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by one of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you



FREE!

Duruy's History of the World

Four splendid cloth volumes, full of portraits, sketches, maps, diagrams

Today is the climax of a hundred years of preparation. Read in this timely, authoritative, complete, AND THE ONLY CONDENSED classic world history—of which *over 2,000,000 copies have been sold in France alone*—just what has taken place in the inner councils of Europe during the past one hundred years. Read in these entrancing pages how Russia has for years craftily been trying to escape from her darkness—to get a year-round open port, with its economic freedom.

Read how Germany and Austria, fearful of the monster's latent strength, have been trying to checkmate her and how they have pinned all in this last, supreme stake.

The Lesson of the Past

THIS master of the pen shows you the glory that was Greece's and the grandeur that was Rome's. He guides you through the Middle Ages, the picturesque old days of feudalism and the crusades; through the Renaissance up to contemporaneous history, which Prof. Grosvenor completes in brilliant manner. In the story of the past lie the secrets of today. And you will understand them better when you get the Review of Reviews for a year—for the Review of Reviews will give you a sane interpretation of the events that are taking place with such rapidity. It is not enough to read the daily news reports. Your ability to comprehend conditions, and to discuss them rationally depends on a true interpretation of the meaning and the "reason why" of events. In your mind you must bring order out of chaos—and the Review of Reviews will do it for you.

Get the REVIEW of REVIEWS for a Year

Send No Money

Send the coupon only. It brings the whole set—four volumes—charges prepaid—absolutely free. All we ask is that—after you get the books and like them—you send 25 cents for shipping and $1.00 a month for three months to pay for the Review of Reviews. If the books aren't worth more than you pay for books and magazine together, send them back at our expense. But be prompt. The world-wide fame of Duruy will make these 5,000 sets disappear from our stock room at once. Send your coupon today—and be in time.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., N.Y.

Review of Reviews, 30 Irving Pl., New York:

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, Duruy's History of the World in 4 volumes bound in cloth. Also enter my name for the Review of Reviews for one year. If I keep the books, I will remit in 10 days 25 cents for shipping and $1 per month for three months for the magazine and retain the History of the World without charge. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return the books at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

For cash with order send only $3.00 and we will pay shipping charges.

The beautiful ¾ leather set costs only a few cents more. For a set of this luxurious binding, change 3 months above to 5 months, or send $5.00 cash in full.